gether with many Chinese fruits whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple-peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use, indeed, may not this wonderful grass be put? From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable—hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying-poles, fishing-tools—the list might be prolonged ad infinitum. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two-pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them; they picked ginger roots out of the water, and, laying them on the table, pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were then put into another tub, where they were boiled in sirup. The ginger went through various other minor processes, until eventually it was packed in the earthenware jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our European loaf; solid-looking little yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones, or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter; and great flakes of milk-white, slippery-looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick—to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver-shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, sodden, and bilious.

Gentlemanly Burglars in Japan.

Even the most gentlemanly of our burglars have much to learn from Japan in the way of politeness, if one may judge by a description of the manners of robbers in that country given in the Atlantic. Three men broke into a dyer's house while he was away and gently asked his wife how much money there was in the house. She answered that there were just twenty-seven yen and eighty-four sen. The robber laughed and said: "You are a good old woman and we believe you. If you were poor we would not rob you at all. Now we only want a couple of kimono and this," laying his hand on a fine silk overdress. The old woman replied: "All my son's kimono I can give you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my son and was confided to us only for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another." "That is quite right," approved the robber, "and we shall not take it."

A BUFFALO RANCH.

An Experiment in Bison Breeding in the Texas Panhandle.

The Unique Enterprise of an Old Plainsman Who Is Striving to Perpetuate the Valuable Qualities of an Almost Extinct Animal.

Goodnight, a little station on the Fort Worth and Denver City railroad, in Armstrong county, in the Texas Panhandle, is the home of Charles Goodnight, who is quietly but earnestly and persistently conducting an experiment in the crossing of the American buffalo with native cattle, so far without completely successful results, but certainly with very interesting ones.

Mr. Goodnight, says Forest and Stream, has a little home ranch of about seventy thousand acres. This is his garden. His real ranch, where he does business, is the Quitaque, some distance away, where he has about four hundred thousand acres under fence. It is at his little garden, or truck patch, that he has his buffalo experimental station.

Several years ago, when buffaloes were more plentiful in Texas than they are now, the cowboys working for Mr. Goodnight would often "rope" a buffalo calf and bring it home. These were turned into an inclosure, and, though little attention was paid to them, they formed the nucleus of the herd now on the ranch. As the wild buffalo began to disappear these became of greater interest, and six or seven years ago Mr. Goodnight began in earnest the attempt to produce a new and distinct breed by crossing buffalo and neat cattle, and trying to perpetuate this type of inbreeding.

There are now on his ranch about twenty-five or thirty full-blood buffaloes and as many more half-breeds. Most of these full-bloods—probably all of them—were calved on the ranch. Indeed, the herd are the product of the calves roped and brought in by the cowboys in the late '70s, which grew up and multiplied by the regular and natural process. They are fine-looking animals. Old buffalo hunters say they never saw finer-looking ones when these animals covered the Texas prairies by millions, which is conclusive evidence that civilization is not fatal to the propagation of the buffalo. He needs only to be protected and given a fair show, and in time there is no reason why there should not be as many buffaloes on the prairies of Texas as there were twenty years ago.

The crosses are, however, of the greatest interest. It was Mr. Goodnight's desire to establish a type of cattle with the valuable robe, the thrifty rustling qualities, the weight and general characteristics of the buffalo. He has bred "black mulleys" to the buffalo bulls—the cattle being chiefly polled Angus—and the result is an animal with the light hindquarters and heavy shoulders of the buffalo, the shaggy head and the long, woolly hair so desirable in buffalo robes being reproduced almost as perfectly as in the parent bull. The tail is long and flat like a mule's tail. Horns are absent when bred to mulleys. In two or three cases, where the mothers were Texas cows, the horns were like buffalo horns, but some longer. One peculiar animal, which is out of place outside of a sideshow, is the offspring of a buffalo bull and a Texas cow, which has black and white stripes running around the body like a zebra's.

The half-breeds are heavier in weight than the average cattle, are better rustlers, and keep fat through cold weather and hard rustling that thin the others and often result in heavy fatalities.

Mr. Goodnight also has on his home ranch about thirty or thirty-five elk that were brought from Colorado, which he has in a pasture of four or five hundred acres, the fence around which is coyote-proof. These elk have not thriven well, and do not appear to be at home.

CALLS THE KING "MY BABY."

The Spanish Queen Uses Pet Names When Referring to Her Son.

Queen Christina, of Spain, is about the only monarch or royal personage in Europe who, when speaking of her children and relatives, does not consider it necessary to make use of their titles, says a writer in the New York Recorder. Thus, when the prince of Wales refers to his parent, he invariably uses the words: "My mother, the queen," the latter word being superfluous, it would seem. His son he always speaks of as "My son, the duke of York." The emperor of Austria refers to his wife as "Die Kaiserin," as does also Emperor William. The king of Portugal is so anxious to prevent any undue familiarity that he usually prefixes the words "Her majesty" to "the queen," and in the same way the wives of these respective royalties never speak of their husbands except as "the emperor," "the king" or "the prince," as the case may be. Queen Christina, of Spain, however, is quite different in this respect. She invariably talks of her little seven-year-old boy as "el nino," as "my son," as "my baby," or, when speaking in German, as "Mein bubi," the Viennese dialect for "my dear little boy." It diminishes nothing from the child's rank or grandeur to speak thus of him, but, on the contrary, contributes to increase the sympathy and the regard for this sensible and highbred widow and for her royal son, around whose fair, curly head are centered so many interests, both national and economic.

Corea's Literary Center.

Ping-Yang, in northern Corea, the place where the great battle of September 15 was fought, was the first "literary center" in the peninsular kingdom. Its chief author was an ancestor of Confucius named Kishi, who, gathering up his writing materials and leaving China in 1122 B. C., emigrated eastward into Corean regions. His name is greatly venerated, and many tablets still exist in his honor in the northern parts of Corea.